Mar. How ist my noble Lord?
Hora. O wonderfull!
Her. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmake*
But he's an arrant Knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse aud desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorrie they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-master't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Hora. What ist my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Mar.

1 Mar. Hor, &c
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. O wonderfull!
7 hart 23 & 24 hartily 30 Premastre't